

## show you what all that howl is for by fearofsilence

**Series:** Stonathan Week 2017 [2]

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Alternate Universe - Werewolf, Awkward Boners, Day 2, M/M, Rating May Change, Spooning, Stonathan Week, Underage Drinking

**Language:** English

**Relationships:** Jonathan Byers/Steve Harrington

**Status:** In-Progress

**Published:** 2017-12-20

**Updated:** 2017-12-20

**Packaged:** 2022-04-03 14:54:36

**Rating:** Teen And Up Audiences

**Warnings:** Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 1,671

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

“Never given anyone stitches before, Byers?” Steve asks. His voice is light but he’s on his third drink.

Jonathan glances up at him, eyes narrowed. “What do you think?”

“I think...” Steve grabs the bottle of vodka and refills his glass. “You need this more than I do,” he says, pushing the glass across the table, toward Jonathan.

## **show you what all that howl is for**

### **Author's Note:**

Day 2: Monster Hunting!

Yes, I wrote a cliché werewolf AU. Sue me.  
There's more where this came from probably. And  
maybe a playlist to go along.

Title from "Wolf Like Me" by TV On The Radio

Jonathan has worked nights at the movie theater for two years now. Nothing interesting ever happens. Kids from school will sometimes dump their excess popcorn out on the floor – deliberately, of course, knowing he's the one who has to clean it up. Occasionally Nancy and her family come in for a late showing and she'll smile warmly at him in her signature-Nancy style.

See? Nothing interesting. Nothing out of the ordinary.

He has no reason to believe tonight will be any different.

Except... it is. He can feel it.

He's lugging two bags of trash to the dumpster out back when he hears it. Growling. The alley is barely lit by the full moon and the lights from the adjacent streets, but he can tell by the distance that whatever it is – it's close.

A shadow passes in front of him, darker than the already-dim alley has any right to be. Startled, Jonathan drops the trash bags and gasps, loudly.

A dog, he thinks. It must be a dog.

It's probably rabid. He should get back inside before it-

Suddenly, the thing yelps. Jonathan curses under his breath, wonders if maybe he should call animal control.

But then, the shadow emerges from behind the dumpster, and it's not a dog at all.

It's... a *man*.

A man who seems strangely familiar.

The man staggers into the light, naked and covered in blood. Jonathan realizes then that he's not breathing, lungs starting to constrict and burn. Before him, the man uncurls his body from its hunched stoop and glances around skittishly. Jonathan's renewed breath catches in his throat.

"Steve?"

~::~~

"You're gonna disinfect them with *vodka*?"

Steve has two gashes – one on his shoulder, the other over his ribs. They're pretty gruesome, but they looked much worse before he got in the shower. Jonathan tries not to dwell on their suspicious resemblance to claw marks.

It's weird enough he's in Jonathan's house at all, sitting at the kitchen table and eyeing the bottle of bottom-shelf booze warily. Factor in that he's shirtless and bleeding – not to mention the fact that Jonathan found him stark-naked in the alley behind the movie theater – and he feels like he's entered into some sort of horror movie alternate universe. An American Werewolf in Hawkins.

Luckily, his mom is at Hopper's and Will spent the night at Mike's. Otherwise, Jonathan would definitely have some explaining to do, and he wouldn't even know where to begin.

"Vodka's actually an effective disinfectant, in a pinch," he says matter-of-factly. He's trying desperately not to let his eyes wander from the wounds on Steve's torso to other, less marred areas. "But no. There's rubbing alcohol in the bathroom. That's for you."

Steve looks at him quizzically.

“Take a drink,” Jonathan suggests before disappearing to fetch the first-aid kit. When he gets back, Steve is again staring at the unopened bottle. “You’re probably going to need it.”

Steve complies only when he sees the way Jonathan’s hands shake as he prepares the needle and thread. He’d refused to let Jonathan take him to the hospital, and so- here they are. In the low light of his family’s kitchen where a shirtless Steve Harrington – who may or may not be a mythical creature, funny enough – is wearing a pair of Jonathan’s sweatpants and trusting him to stitch him back up.

“Never given anyone stitches before, Byers?” Steve asks. His voice is light but he’s on his third drink.

Jonathan glances up at him, eyes narrowed. “What do you think?”

“I think...” Steve grabs the bottle of vodka and refills his glass. “You need this more than I do,” he says, pushing the glass across the table, toward Jonathan.

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When he’s finished, Jonathan sits back to survey his work. Steve, well and truly drunk by now, sprawls in the ugly floral chair and looks too, poking and prodding at his haphazardly bandaged shoulder. By accident, Jonathan’s gaze strays to Steve’s chest, down over the abs that he’d just been *this close* to touching. Surely Steve won’t notice him staring, he thinks, now that he’s considerably less sober.

“My mom taught me how to sew,” Jonathan offers awkwardly, an answer to a question that hadn’t been asked. Steve only lifts his head and nods, lips pursed. “Lonnie didn’t like that too much. Said only women and queers know how to sew.”

...So maybe Jonathan isn’t quite sober anymore either.

He doesn’t know why he said it. Of all people to open up to – Steve Harrington? He barely knows the guy. His friends on the basketball team have tormented Jonathan since elementary school.

But, he figures, given that he’s just mended Steve’s wounds, that it’s

okay to be a little bit vulnerable himself.

And then, of course, there's the vodka as well.

He notices an unsightly scratch on the table and runs his finger over it. Anything to not meet Steve's eyes as he braces himself for the obvious joke.

It doesn't come.

Instead, Steve asks, "Lonnie your dad?" Jonathan nods in response, running his thumbnail over the scratch. "Well, don't take this the wrong way, but he sounds like a dick."

Jonathan laughs then, unguarded, and glances up at the lazy, drunken smile spreading across Steve's face. It's nice, to be alone like this – without societal pressure forcing them to pretend they hate each other. Jonathan finds he doesn't hate Steve.

Like, he *really* doesn't hate Steve.

"He is," confirms Jonathan.

~::~~

"Hey, don't do that," Steve says quietly. He's already in Jonathan's bed – now not only in Jonathan's sweatpants, but a shirt of his as well. It fits him oddly, a little too short in the midriff area. At least an inch of skin is exposed, just below the hem, and it's... doing things to Jonathan.

He'd insisted Steve stay, obviously, because, "You're drunk. And..."

"Wounded?" Steve suggested unhelpfully; Jonathan was certain not all of the blood he'd found the older boy doused in was his own.

But they still weren't talking about that. The werewolf thing. You know, the little thing where Jonathan had been ninety-eight percent positive Steve was a dog before he saw him in the light. The thing where he'd heard him fucking *growling*.

Jonathan didn't want to ask while he had a needle in his hand. He had a feeling the story was no nursery rhyme.

Now it feels weird to ask. How do you even ask someone if they're a werewolf?

"It's fine," Jonathan assures him, lying a few blankets on the floor and borrowing the pillow Steve isn't currently resting on. "You should have the bed. Since you're hurt and all."

Steve rolls his eyes. "Dude, it's *your* bed," he says, pulling the corner of the sheet up. Jonathan can't say he's not tempted, but the flash of hair below Steve's navel and the little smirk on his face when they make eye contact keeps him away. "Just get in. Come on, I won't bite."

Jonathan shuffles his feet, staring down at his makeshift bed. It *does* look horribly uncomfortable. And it's cold down there...

Then Steve makes his mind up by adding, "Unless you want me to."

"I'm good on the floor," he lies.

"Get in the bed, Jonathan."

Jonathan nearly gives himself whiplash. He can't remember the last time Steve actually used his first name. If he ever has.

Despite the demanding nature of his words, Steve's face says something else. There's an unreadable set of his eyebrows, eyes round and wide in an expression akin to one he's seen on his little brother Will's face after a particularly bad nightmare.

It compels him to get in the bed, just like he would for said little brother.

Except not at all.

Steve is a lot bigger than Will. He's taller than Jonathan too, thanks in part to his hair. When Steve grabs his arm and tugs it around his waist, effectively pulling Jonathan up against his back, his nose is inadvertently buried in that hair. It smells like his shampoo, but

Jonathan thinks it's never smelled better.

~::~~

"Why are you so tense?"

It's probably only been about ten minutes, but Jonathan's already had to shift his body away from Steve's. The heat and the proximity were beginning to affect him in a very unfortunate way, and he'd actually die of embarrassment if Steve found out.

That's it though. Just heat and proximity.

It doesn't help, however, that Steve has started rubbing his hand up and down the arm still wrapped around him.

"Relax," he says. "Cuddling doesn't usually include cracked ribs."

Jonathan tries to loosen his arm without moving closer. He thinks it works, but then Steve is slipping back into his space. If he notices anything, he mercifully keeps it to himself. Soon enough, Jonathan feels himself begin to drift off.

"Something attacked me," Steve whispers suddenly. It's so soft and Jonathan is on the verge of sleep. For a second, he's not sure if he's heard him speak at all. Until he continues, "Last month. I thought it was a... dog or something."

Jonathan would laugh if Steve didn't sound so shaken.

"But then tonight... The full moon..." Steve is trembling; Jonathan tightens his grip until Steve relaxes against him. "I didn't know what was going on. I just started overheating. I thought it was a fever. Some, like, horrible, quick-increasing fever. I went outside to get some air and... next thing I knew, I was waking up in the alley."

He cranes his neck to look over his shoulder at Jonathan. His eyes have adjusted to the darkness, and he can just see the worried knit of Steve's eyebrows.

"You don't think I could have... hurt someone? Do you?"

Jonathan drops his gaze to Steve's shoulder. "You did have a lot of blood on you."

It seems like he might speak again, but then he just gives a jerky nod and faces forward. Jonathan hears him gulp.

He doesn't sleep well after that. He's awake when Steve sneaks out as soon as daylight breaks.